TILEBEESVIIIPROWI

UR contest of the last threee months has closed and the Blue team is victorious, winning by just two stories. The Busy Bees must not feel that because the time was extended a week any injustice has been done, for all the stories used this week were in a week ago and before the expiration of the three months, so that every one of the stories were sent in within the time limit. The extension was made only because there were so many stories they could not all be used last week.

And this week also closes the reign of our king bee, Albert Goldberg of Shenandoah, Ia., captain of the Red team, and our queen bee, Gail Howard of Omaha, captain of the Blue team, and to succeed them the Busy Bees have elected Joseph Kolar of Omaha, king, and captain of the Red team, and Nora Cullen of Omaha, queen, and captain of the Blue team, for the next three months. Both our rulers are from Omaha this time, it will be noticed.

Gail Howard has written another good letter for our page this week and the editor hopes all the Busy Bees will read it.

Some of us have gotten careless again and forgotten the word limit for stories. Several good stories have had to be rejected lately because they included more than 250 words and there has also been a number of accounts of trips. We are not using the trips any more, boys and girls; only the original stories.

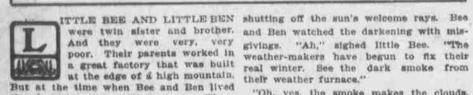
Of course, everybody is just now more interested in Christmas than anything else, and the Busy Bee editor is sure this best loved holiday of the whole year will afford the subject for lots of good stories, only we must all be sure they are original.

Our postcard exchange is growing every week and now includes: Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.; Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.; Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.; Jean De Long, Alnsworth, Neb.; Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.; Louise Reebe, 2609 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha; Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha; Eda Behling, York, Neb.; Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.; Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha; Marguerite Bartholomer, Gothenburg, Neb.; Louise Hahn, David City, Neb.; Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.; Faye Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.; Ruth Ashby, Fairmont, Neb.; Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha; Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.; Miss Pauline Parks, York, Neb.; Louise Stiles Lyons, Neb.; Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.; Edna Enos, Stanton, Neb.; Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.

The prize winners for this week were Joseph Kolar, aged 13 years, 1912 South Eighth street, Omaha, Neb., and Ruby Denny, aged 11 years, Casper, Wyo. Honorary mention was given to Gail E. Howard, former queen of the

The Magic Snowdrops

By Helena Davis.



But at the time when Bee and Ben lived the factories were called shops. There was no such thing as factories then, although the large shops of that period were almost like the factories of today. In order that the little readers might know just what sort of a place the parents of Ree

And all day long Bee and Ben stayed at their home, a mere cabin built of logs and thatch with a mud chimney. There were no windows in the cabin, and when the place was very dark, having no light fire in the fireplace. And as fuel was scarce with the poor, Bee and Ben were obliged to be very saving of the sticks-(they called the wood faggots)-which they laid upon the fire during their parents' absence. And not only did the little boy and girl suffer for want of light, but they suffered intensely from the cold

when the winter once set in. pair were seated beside the open door looking out towards the great mountain and there and making ugly shadows to frighten them. So they kept themselves warm all the poor." as comfortable as they could by wrapping the bedclothes about their thinly-

wondering what mysteries were hidden is on the very top.'

his eyes growing big and bright as he looked upward. "Fairies live in the top of the mountain." "And there live the weather makers, too,"

said Bee. "It is from the mountain tops that the snowflakes come. Ugh!" And the little girl shivered as she thought of the cold that came with the snowflakes. "Ugh! I don't like snow, and as long as It is clear we can sit out of doors and see the mountains." "And we may also see the roof of the

shop where our father and mother work. we may watch for father's and mother's coming as the dark creeps down," said Ben. "But when it snows we must

ered about the creat of the mountain top, charged from work. We have nothing to That night, as soon as it was really



their weather furnace." "Oh, yes, the smoke makes the clouds, doesn't it?" asked Ben. "And by tomorrow we'll have to close the door and remain inside. The snowflakes will fill the air and the air will be so chilled that if we stick our noses out they will be sadly nipped and Ben worked in I have called the and made to sting as though they had been really bitten by a wolf. Ah, it is too bad that the snowflakes must come to the poor. Were we rich like the lord of the v who owns lands and shops, we could have a comfortable house with windows in it the door was shut to keep out the cold and a big fire in the fireplace, a fire that would leap upwards and roar and crackle save that which was made by the little and flash. And we'd have large rooms with rich rugs about on the floors, rugs made from the soft skins of bears, tigers By Joseph Kolar, Aged 13 Years, 1912 South and lions. And there'd be a kitchen built beside the house in which whole deer would sweet bread baked, and most delicious but- creatures how to behave. ter and cheese made for us to eat of to our

One day early in December the little ride in a rich carriage, taking us with her. "Yes, and our father would own lands and shops and be good to those who that lifted its hoary head toward the worked for him. He could never, never clouds. Although it was very cold out of be cruel with his laborers like the rich tord doors the children preferred the chill of the village is with his poor on the breath of the mountain to the closed, land and in the shops," said Bee. "Were dark room with the firelight flickering here we rich there would never be a hungry person in the land. We'd feed, clothe and

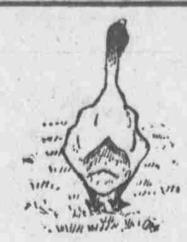
"Indeed we would," agreed Ben.

But at this moment the children saw clad forms and sat beside the open door, an unusual sight. There, 'round the point heavy," So explained the serrowing mother alip from the house, Soon her parents a star on its point. This fairy came to "The mountains are very tall," said Bee, of hill which separated the great factoryor shop-from their own home, came their away in their canyons and caverns. "I parents, walking slowly with bent heads. should like to fly like a bird and see what Their attitude bespoke some trouble. Both fireplace. the children felt that some calamity had "Ah! fairies dwell there," declared Ben, befallen their parents, for it was yet early in the afternoon and the parents had never before left their place of work before dark. "What can have happened?" Bee asked

the question, knowing at the same time that her brother could not answer her. Pretty soon the father and mother reached the threshold Bee and Hen saw that their faces were deadly pale, and that their mother's eyes were dim with unshed tears. "What is it, mother?" asked Bee, throw-

ing her arms about her dear mother's neck. "Why do you and our father come home before the night brings you?"

"The lord of the village and owner of close the door, go to the fire and crouch the great shop, has sold his possessions to hourse they would become worried, thinkbeside it to keep warm, and wait in the a duke from another country. The new ing that some wicked sprite had coaxed darkness for the sound of father's and owner does not wish the services of the you away, and would run out and call to But just as they talked the clouds gath- your father and I are among those dig- the fatrics would not hear you," said Red.





The Ole Gander. The Oleander.

The Gander loves to promenade Around the farmer's poultry-yard, While, as we see, the Oleander Is quite unable to meander.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. a. Use pen and ink, not pencil
a. Short and peinted articles will
be given preference. Do not use over
150 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prices of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to

> (First Prize). Mr. Toad

Omaha Boo.

RESERVE DEPARTMENT

Eighth Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue. Once there was a toad that thought himbe roasted, great loaves of yeast and self very wise and was always telling other

> One hot summer day he seated himself nearby,

always on the fidget."

"We are obliged to run about for our

about. I sit quietly all day on a stool.

Just then there was a loud crack, and the toadstool on which he was sitting broke and down fell the toad. "Ha! ha!" laughed the squirrel, "where is ant Christmas.

your dignity now, Mr. Toad?" But Mr. Tond said nothing; his pride had a fall,

(Second Prize.) Her Thanksgiving

was alone in the world.

food," said one of the stag-beetles; "we As she was thinking over these things food or else they must all starve. feed on the sap of trees and plants." The she heard a knock at the door. She went One morning the cook appeared at the

butterfly said he fed on the honey of flowers and slept on the hawthorn by the

"Bad habits, bad habits," replied the toad; "why can't you sit still and catch dead. As he did not like to see a dumb never still. I declare it makes me quite got the dog away from the boys. Just as giddy to see him whisking about on the branches in the way he does."

"What's that you are saying about me?" up to where he was. throw some nuts at you."

The great thing is to be dignified and sit quietly on a stool."

ragged clothes and bare, cold feet. Her the last piece of bacon and the last potato hands were so blue with the cold that Miss for breakfast. The men stared at each Osborne made her come in by the fire.

she was in by the warm fire, "our neighbor dingy window. said that you wanted somebody to do your

Then as she looked at the rich furnishings of the room, she said: "My, but I two were determined. should think you ought to be thankful, with such a beautiful house and a turkey and so many nice things to eat. We are thankful, though we've only an old rooster instead of a turkey. Mamma is going to put some vinegar on it so it won't be so tough."

When she was warm Miss Orborne let. her have the washing. She also gave the little girl a turkey, sweet potatoes, cranberries and many other things that go with Thanksgiving. The girl was very grateful for these things and thanked Miss Osborne again and again.

After the child was gone Miss Osborne sat down and thought it all over again, and she decided that she did have something to be thankful for after all.

(Honorary Mention.)

An Obedient Boy

By Gail E. Howard, Aged 13 Years, 4722 Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Blue. Once there was a boy who was working for a man that was very particular about

One day when there wasn't very much to do Mr. Brown thought he would make a test of the boy's obedience.

He said, "Edwin, go up to the attle and bring down to me a bushel of beans that you will find up there," He went up and soon returned with the

beans. Then Mr. Brown said, "Empty them on the floor." Edwin obeyed. Then he was told to pick them up one by one and count them, which Edwin did. Of course Edwin did not know why he

had been called upon to do this, but he had shot it. Frank took it home with him and in their house. They happened to look out been taught to obey at heme, and so he they had it for their Thanksgiving dinner. did what Mr. Brown asked him to, Mr. Brown then told Edwin why he had

asked him to do it, and also told him that he was a very trustworthy boy. Edwin was very glad to have Mr. Brown say this about him, and always after this ried to live up to it.

A Happy Christmas

By Alta Wilken, Aged 12 Years, Waco, Neb. Red.

Ned was a poor boy, who had no mother to take care of him. In fact he had no friends at all. He was a crossing sweeper. One day as he was standing at a crossing he heard some yelling. Looking around to see what it was, he saw that some boys were pounding a dog till it was nearly files as I do? There is the squirrel, he's animal treated this way, he went over and he had rescued it and returned to the crossing a gentleman and little girl came

called out the squirrel, looking down from Mr. Jones, the gentleman, told Ned that By Lulu Mac Coe, Aged 13 Years, Florence, among the leaves. "I've a great mind to it was his little girl's dog, so Ned gave it to her. Mr. Jones asked Ned where he "No, don't," said the toad. "You won't lived. He told him that he had no home, hit me if you do. It would be much better ,not even a place to sleep. When Helen toys and she cared for few. for everybody if they imitated me. I this she looked up at her father and said, window, and that moment she decided "Papa, can't we take this boy home and give him a home, and as tomorrow is But how was she to get it, that was the Christmas, we will call him our Christmas question. present." Her father, who was a rich man, said, "Yes, we will take him with us and as she passed to the tenement school. It

give him a home." Ned said he had never had such a pleas-

A Queer Indian

By Hazel Day, Aged 14 Years, 3848 Franklin St., Omaha. Red.

fill. And our mother would remain at on a toadstool and began talking to a By Ruby Denny, Aged 11 Years, Casper, on a western ranch about thirty years home with us all day, only going out to butterfly and two stag-beetles who were Wyo. Blue. Miss Osborne was sitting in her chair. One afternoon the snow began to fall. "You are no doubt very well-meaning thinking. She had nothing to be thankful In a few days a blizzard was at its height. creatures, but your manners are not good. for, she thought. Even though she had For several days the storm held sway. You are always flying or running about, everything she wanted and plenty of Provisiens were getting low, and the men money besides she had no relatives, but had to be very careful how they used them. They must make some way to get

other with blank faces. What can be done? "Miss Osborne," began the child when One of the men stands gasing out the

All of a sudden he turns around and washing, so I have come to see if we could says that he will go to the village for food. His chum says if he goes he will go too. The others didn't want them to go, but the

> They start that afternoon with baskets and sacks. Three days they are on the road. Three days they stand hunger and cold. But at last they reach the village in enfoty and after resting fill their baskets and start back. By this time the storm has

> In the evening, when sitting around a fire they hear a "pit, pat; pit pat." Thinking it is Indians, they load their guns and stand ready. They are very much frightened, because two is quite a small number to ten or more. The noise gets louder and louder. It is very near. By the moonlight they can see a donkey coming toward them. You can imagine they were relieved Catching the donkey, they load him down with baskets and sacks. When they reach the ranch, as many as have strength give three cheers for their brave fellow men.

> > Frank's Turkey

By Helle Cook, Aged 11 Years, 1110 North Twenty-fifth Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue.

Frank was a poor boy. He was about

the family. Thanksgiving was coming, but they could not afford a turkey, so Frank took his gun that his father had given him and started when the twins heard their hired girl califor the woods to see if he could shoot anything for Thanksgiving.

woods he heard a sound that made him so with us, Helen?" asked Josephine. turn around, and there, as he supposed, was a wild turkey. He raised his gun and house and asked Frank if he had seen a a bump on her head as big as an egg. turkey around there. Frank told him about the one he had shot and the man said be thought that it was his. Frank took him in to his father. Mr. Morgan (for that was his name) asked him what his name was Frank's father told him that it was John Smith and told how he had been hurt.

Mr. Morgan went home after a while, but promised to come again. One day he came hurrying ever and said that he had found out that Mr. Smith was

his cousin. did go to live with him after a while and awhile. Yours truly, RUTH KOCH.

Jane's Teddy Bear

Jane was a poor little girl who lived in the suburbs of a large city. She had few

that that was what she "had" to have.

Every day for weeks she looked at it was a brown teddy, with a large bow of. pink ribbon around its neck. Jane was only 7 and could not count much; so she held up five fingers, one for every dollar-

She saw Rev. Mr. Russel, a flourishing But a boy won't work, and a boy won't \$5. On her way she pondered how to get it. young minister, pull his handkerchief out of his pocket, and lo, something else came. Jane ran to pick it up and it was his purse. She had a mind to keep it, as she wanted the teddy so, and she had seen a lady looking at it. But she ran on and called to him to wait. When she handed it to him he said, "Thank you," and started on. Then he turned and said to her, "Here is something for being honest," and in her hand he laid \$5. She ran back to the stere and got her teddy, for the lady had not taken it. Jane still has her teddy and prizes it

What Happened on Saturday By Alice Temple, Aged 9 Years, Lexington,

It was Saturday morning. Mamma had promised to let Helen and Mary go to the moving picture show that afternoon. As their Aunt Mamie was going away at 9:25 that morning Helen and Mary went to the depot with her. As they were going to the depot Clare Rosenburg came up and asked bors would do now, that they were turned her wand over the sleeping parents of Bee them to come over to her house that afternoon, as she was going to have a little

> That afternoon Mary wanted to go over had gone and Helen was reading when her "Your wish shall be granted, little heart mother, who had gone to have her hair of gold," replied the fairy. Then she washed by Mrs. Robb, 'phoned and told waved her wand over the sleeping man, her to bring some certain things down to

a hundred winged fairles. Bee, of course, Rosenburg's lawn. Her cousins, Josephine being carried also, and were taken from and Charlotte Robb, were there. They said the cold, dreary old cabin out into the they had come to the party at 1, when it night. And over the mountain they were was to commence at 3:30. When Helen recarried as fast as the birds fly. Before turned she found two more of her cousins, this time. dawn they were set down in a lovely house Ruth and Marjorle. Then the children comso comfortable and full of warmth and menced playing games. But after a while were smart. Let's go home." So Helen It is impossible to tell of their happy sur- went in and put on her coat and hat and Wall of Omaha would make a nice king. Now the twins, who were Josephine and

Nonsense Jingle



Charlotte, Sved on the west side of Rosenburg's. After they started Josephine said, "Let's go back and teeter-totter." As they turned back, Ruth, Marjorie and Clare came up to them. Ruth went up to Helen and struck her. Helen, who was of a flery temper, struck back, and so on.

The twins and Helen went back to their house and across the fence a fight was commenced with all. It happened that the children were throwing clods, bricks and 13 years old. His father had been a car- sticks at each other and Charlotte hit Clare penter, but had fallen and hurt himself; on the side of the head. Instantly Clare so his mother took in washing to support began to cry. Then the three girls ran as hard as they could up to Helen's house, which was about three blocks away.

They were on the bridge by the house ing to Charlotte. Charlott then ran out in the playhouse by the barn, when some one When he had gone a little way into the 'phoned up and they had to go. "Will you "Well, I guess so," Helen answered. So they went around another way and crept the window and saw the children with That afternoon a man came to Frank's Mrs. Rosenburg standing there. Clare had

The girls, anyway Charlotte, have never done that agein.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wants to Hear from the Boys. Dear Editor: I live in Bemis Park, so I have written about it. Why don't the The next Thanksgiving Frank did not boys write? All the stories are written have to go out and bunt for a turkey, be- by girls, so I cannot choose a king, but I cause his cousin, Mr. Morgan, was a rich choose Ruth Ashby as queen. She has man and asked them to come and live with Written splendid stories. I hope to get a him, because he was not married. They prize, as I write stories every once in Omaha, Neb.

Loyal to the Reda.

Dear Editor: I have not written to you for a long time but have not forgotten you. I have just looked over the paper to see if the Red side has won any prizes and found out that only one member of the Red side has a story on the page, thanks to that girl, for if she had not written the Red side would be left out. All the new members seem to join the Blue side. Please put my name in to exchange postals. ALTA WILKEN.

Waco, Neb. How They Are Built.

Dear Editor: Here is a piece that I think might do for the Busy Bee's page:

think, Because he ain't built that way.

A girl will sing, and a girl will dance, And a girl will work crochet, But she can't throw a stone and hit a

church. Because she sin't built that way. I found it in a speaker of mine, it did not give the name of the person who RUBY G. DENNY. wrote It.

Casper, Wyo. Mabel is Frank and Modest. Dear Editor: I read the letters and stories in the children's page every Sunday and thought I would like to write myself. I would like to join the Blue side. I am sending a story which I hope to see published. The first time I wrote it I had over 600 words so I had to write it over and leave one of the best parts out. I've only got one pet and that is a bird named Dick. I used to have a pair of white rats, but one of them bit me, so I gave them away. I am 13 years old and very tall for my age. I have blue eyes and short brown hair and am unusually

Measage from the Queen.

Dear Editor and Busy Bees: As this is my last time to write you while I am queen I am going to make the best of it. I want to thank all of the Busy Bees that voted for me for their, queen and I hope that I have been a loyal one, too. The Blue side girls and boys did certainly make up their minds to win and I think that they will. The Red side won last time, but we will wear the badges of honor

MAYBELLE TINKER.

mistake made in Ruth Ashby's name and I thought I would correct it now. I think that Ruth Ashby of Fairmont. Neb., would make a nice queen and Earl

The last time I wrote a letter there was a

Your queen. GAIL E. HOWARD, Omaha.

And bring with them drifting snow.

Warning to Wee Ones

ugly.



Little wee birdies, get into your nests;
Jack Frost is coming this way;
He will touch with ice every bough and
twig.
And the ice will stay many a day. Little wee hears, get into your caves; The winder is coming, you know. The winds blow cold from the frosen







Olivei THERE, ROUND THE POINT OF HILL CAME THEIR PARENTS, WALKING SLOWLY, WITH BENT HEADS.

Bee and Ben ran and brought faggots to replenish the blaze. Then they fetched tween them, engaged their attention with from the cupboard what food there was several questions about other discharged awake in the morning." and placed it upon the table for their tired parents to eat. And all the while that they worked they whispered together, planning on doing something to help the dear parents and winter at hand, who were almost overcome with discourthe door of their cabin. As they crossed agement. "I'll ask the fairles to come," at the half open door, taking pains to whispered Bee. 'Til slip out as soon as close it softly behind her. Once out of the night falls and call aloud to the fairles doors she turned her eyes towards the to come and assist our dear father and pleading voice:

mother to find work." "And I'll remain in doors and talk to our parents to keep their minds off you, for should they discover that you had left the laborers now employed in the shop. So, you. That would break the charm, and

workers, asking what certain good neigh-

who live on the mountain and pray them, high mountain top, crying out in a soft, "Come, good fairies, and help my dear father and mother. They are out of work, have no lands nor shops, nor golden coins.

Come and lead us to a place where work is to be had." Then Bee sank upon the cold ground, so overcome by emotion that she did not feel the wintry blast that struck through her thin garments. And as she crouched the great mountain that loomed so darkly before her, there appeared over its top a soft white mist that crept silently down the mountain side, growing whiter and

denser with every minute, "A snowstorm!" And Bee shuddered, we have nothing for breakfast, and just but wide awake. enough faggots for the night, with none for the morrow, and no coin with which acres of rich land; and on the land were to buy more from the hauler of wood.

flakes did not melt. They lay where they who never do anything for the seifish and fell for some moments, then slowly they wicked. But no, there they were, several pretty Snow Drops."

live upon now, and our hearts are very dark. Bee watched her opportunity to fairles, and one carried a little wand with of little Bee and little Ben, while the father began talking over some plan by which Bee and said: "I shall cause a deep sleep entered the cabin and dropped disconso- they might find work during the winter. to fall upon your parents and brother. lately in his chair in the corner by the But though they planned, their hearts Then you shall all be carried to a beautiwere sore afraid that their hopes would ful country beyond the mountain, where be dashed to nothing. Ben, sitting be- yeu shall be made rich and happy. None but you shall know of the journey till they But just as the fairy was about to wave

> out of the shop, or from the tilled lands, that little girl stayed the magic wand, saying: "Will you please, good fairy, take party. Bee saw her chance and ran softly out all the poor who were discharged from the shop today, too? They are as poor and un- to Ethel Lincoln (one of her friends). Mary happy as we are."

> woman and boy, causing them to slumber the shop. more deeply. And then they were lifted by As Alice was going she passed through there, her eyes looking towards the top of light that Bee clapped her hands with hap. Charlotte came up to Helen and said, "Say, giness. "Oh, how glorious!" she cried. And Helen, Ruth just told me you thought you then her parents and brother awoke.

prise, and their thankfulness to the good they started. fairles who had brought them hither. But it took Bee and Ben some time to assure rising and returning to the house. "And their parents that they were not dreaming, And near to their home stretched great

numerous pretty cottages where the tillers And no more food in the supposed-and of the soil and the workers in the shops father and mother out of work and no were to dwell. And all these belonged to prospect of finding any for some time to the parents of Bee and Ben. And when, after a good breakfast, Ben's and Bee's After Bee had crept into the house and father went to look over the lands and lay herself down on her little cot in one shops which were his own, what was his corner of the room her parents decided to happy surprise to find there all his old retire for the night. The father covered comrades who had worked in the shop bethe fire to hold it till morning, the door gide him and his good wife on the other was bolted and all were seen in their beds. side the great mountains. And in the good-And soon the weary father and mother ness and thankfulness of his heart he made slept and little Ben slept also. But on her each man owner of his own cottage cot little Bee lay wide awake, expecting and several acres of rich land. And there something to happen. Toward midnight for many, many years lived the most con-Bee felt a cold draft of wind sweep down tented people on all the earth. And they the chimney; then she saw several large owed their happiness to their own goodness flakes of snow, soft and white, falling upon and the magic of the fairles, the fairles the ash-covered fire. Strunge to say, these who only help the good, you know, and

expanded into shapes shapes of fairles. And little Bee and little Ben were the Boe sat up and rubbed her syss. Surely most beloved among all those happy peoshe had fallen asteep and was dreaming ple and were always called "The Magic